

## WASHINGTON CRITIC

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THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,

Washington, D. C.

RICHARD H. SYLVESTER, - Editor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 9, 1885.

## IN FRONT AND FLANK.

The war which has been opened upon the Civil Service law is much more creditable than the war with the South. The Civil Service Commissioners are threatened, for the one is honest, outspoken and direct—the other just the reverse. The one may accomplish something—the other will accomplish nothing—material to the real issue.

To remove Judge Thomas or Dr. Gregory, or even so august a personage as Mr. Eaton, would't mend matters at all. These three gentlemen are just as capable of administering the law as any other three whom the President might induce to take their places.

It is the system that is obnoxious to the plaintiffs. It is the system that makes the defendants obnoxious. In the estimation of the opponents of the system, Peter, Paul and John would prove as unpalatable as Eaton, Gregory and Thomas if seated in the same chairs.

The people who did fault with the Commissioners may not be willing to admit it, and may even affect to be the advocates and friends of civil service reform, but the translucent nature of the personal warfare they are waging is conclusive evidence in itself that the newspapers and politicians at the bottom of it all want nothing so much as to have the President vacate the board and leave the vacancies unfilled.

Republicans, as well as Democrats, know very well what that serves an effective purpose in their party platforms does not always answer the same satisfactory purpose in the form of a statute. That's what's the matter with the Civil-Service law, and the chances are that between those who attack it openly and boldly as an odious enactment, and those who pretend to feel that the Commissioners alone are odious, the law will sooner or later be ground as it were between the upper and nether mill stones. If it can be shown to be unconstitutional the machinery for its enforcement will of course cease to revolve. If the President can be made to believe that the Commissioners are not doing their duty faithfully and well, the law may be left without any machinery to operate it.

But Mr. Cleveland is not likely to disturb the Commissioners, and will no doubt live up to the law as long as there is anything left of it to live up to.

**HIVELRY IN HIGH ART.**

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is writing a novel, title and plot unknown. But we can depend upon this gifted lady's giving us something that will stir the blood and quicken one's pulse like fine old wine. If there is anything she can do it is to stir up the blood and the Homeric bard of Georgetown Heights.

The novel proving successful—and its success is a fair presumption—Mrs. Wilcox, it is said, will then compose an opera, which in all probability will be the greatest effort of her life. What fervid solos and rattling choruses she will be sure to give us, and how the tenor will clasp the prima donna and the prima donna hang on to the tenor, and what a surpassing lyric triumph it will be.

In the meantime the soothng and gracious Joyce, who, by the way, is reading under his vine and fig tree, but there is a fine phreny in his eye, which tells us that his soul is working it self up to the proper pitch. The news about Mrs. Wilcox is causing him to fairly hump himself. We violate no confidence when we say that he will compose a "cantata, the leading part in which will be written especially for Mrs. Wilcox, who will also sing for the first time in public, that rare poetic composition, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." It will be remembered that this little gem is the joint production of Colonel Joyce and Mrs. Wilcox, who composed it in the wine room of the Galt House in Louisville, on a wager that they could not off-hand make Tenyson sick in one round.

## THE PURITAN'S BLENDER.

While the fouling of the Genesta by the Puritan yesterday was unfortunate, it is gratifying to know that it was not intentional. The Puritan's captain was, of course, at fault in trying to cross the Genesta's bows in order to get to the windward. The attempt with such a short distance between the two involved a very delicate maneuver in seamanship. The captain of the Puritan no doubt thought she would go about quickly enough to enable him to accomplish what would have been a very clever feint in yacht handling, and he had grounds for his belief, for the hull of the Puritan had cleared the Genesta's bows, and there was no actual coming together of the two hulls. Had this been the case, the resulting damage would have precluded a race of the two yachts for some time to come. As it was the bowsprit of the Genesta was carried away and the mainsail of the Puritan split, but not badly; the damage to each not being sufficiently serious to delay the contest but a very few days.

There is no hard feeling on either

side about the matter. The judge promptly ruled that the Puritan had fouled and put her out of the race. Sir Richard Sutton of the Genesta was informed that if he would sail over the course within the specified seven hours the race would be given to the Genesta, but that gentleman replied: "No, I thank you, that is not what we want for. We want a race, not a walk."

The owners of the Puritan wrote to him, acknowledging his courtesy, and expressing regret for the accident. It is going to be a race on its merits. The boats are silent long in making a race, but they will gather here and without any rupture of their friendly relations.

Why the Celestials have any taste for beauty to admiring them, they do it with as much honey-banging grace as Mc Luus at London do when they want to say something particularly fine about an American minister who happens to tickle their fancy. When General Meeky was about to leave Hong Kong, where he had been connected with the Consular Service for a number of years, he was waited upon by a delegation of Chinese merchants and presented with a silver cup containing an address. Following are a few choice extracts from the address: "You are both pure and clear, an example instructive and worthy of imitation, just and impartial, merciful and compassionate; seem-pitched and graceful, genial and kind, incorruptible and courteous; thus should an official be." An indorsement like that ought to be good enough to suit even Dorman B. Eaton or Doctor Gregory.

The telegraph informs the startled public that at Scott's foundry, which is secreted somewhere in Pennsylvania, there is a new cannon that will "mark an epoch in the history of heavy ordnance" was to have been cast to-day. However, later dispatches to "Colonel Norman Ward, the Inventor," state that the casting will not be done until to-morrow. "Colonel Norman Ward, the Inventor," is well known here through numberless records on file in the War and Navy departments, and the officers in both branches of the service are holding their scant breath to hear of a further postponement, probably by reason of some accident at Scott's foundry.

The Inventor, however, is a man of great energy and a good deal of tact, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to get his gun cast to-morrow.

The famous Mexican band, led by Satur Pavan, is giving a series of open-air concerts nightly at West End, the famous Ponchartrain Lake resort, at New Orleans. The band is under order to sell for this week, but the members are very soft to go.

The present Lord Lytton, poetically known as Owen Meredith, began his diplomatic career as an attaché to the British Legation at Washington. He was then a young man, and was told by his superior officer that he must be a good boy, and he never forgot it.—(Philadelphia News).

John B. Green, being asked the other day if he noted any improvement in manhood in the matter of intemperance, replied: "Why, yes; every way things are looking up, so bad as they were when I saw a boy, and they are going to be better yet."

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Thomas C. Dugan of New Orleans is the inventor of a combination written in German and duly sealed and signed, commanding Longin Merkle as a surgeon in the Bavarian army, and dated November 16, 1849. Mr. Dugan found it in a Federal camp at Shiloh, but the owner has never put it in appearance.

As a striking illustration of General Grant's magnanimity, THE CRITIC reproduces to-day the letter of Admiral Porter, written twenty years ago, in which he indulges in very harsh reflections upon the General of the Army, but of which several years later, when it came to a question of Porter's promotion, the President declined to take notice, setting aside his sense of personal wrong in view of that officer's meritorious service. The circumstances have long since passed out of the public mind, so long that their re-production partakes of the nature of news and will be found "mighty interesting."

Then 1,564, or the Hebrew New Year, begins at sunset this evening, when there will be special prayers and special music in the synagogues. To-morrow the day will be observed publicly, many of the Hebrew merchants closing their stores. The orthodox Hebrews observe two days, while the reformers observe only one. The new year is called Rosh Hashannah or the feast of the blowing of trumpets, because at to-morrow morning's services the rabbis will sound the ram's horn.

The indications all point to a crowded throng of visitors to Washington this fall and winter. Parties having property for sale, rooms for rent, and boarding accommodations, will advance their interests by sending in their advertisements to THE CRITIC, which presents unusually attractive rates.

The President's return is rapidly attracting to the Capital office-seeking patriots from various sections of the country, hungry Democrats and asthetic mungwumps willing to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the country—they and their salary and perquisites.

The people at Madrid now believe that there will be no war between Spain and Germany. Almost any discerning Yankee, though at a good distance off, could have told the same thing quite a while ago.

Judging from the way our Republicans are wriggling in Ohio and New York, they are much more afraid of the teetotalers than they are of the mugwumps.

The stoppage of his salary will not interfere with Counselor Creasey's marketing. He is a solid man financially.

## WHO SUPPORTED THAT BATTERY?

At a certain battle of the late was a Federal chaplain happened to get into the vicinity of a battery of artilliers which was hotly engaged. The Confederate shells were plowing furrows about the guns, and the cannoneers were grimly and actively at work to beat the rebels out of the fort. The chaplain addressed himself to a sergeant, who was efficient but at the same time a profane in the following words: "My friend, if you go on this way you expect the support of the Divine Providence?" "Ain't expectin' it," said the sergeant, "but the New Jersey boys have honored to support this battery."—(Southern Bivouac).

WHAT THE MOTHER SAYS.

You know there are stains on my carpet, the traces of small muddy boots; and I see your fair laundry glowing, and I suppose with blemishes and fruits!

And I know that we are disfigured with the marks of our sins, and that your own household must truly be immaculately purity standards.

And I know that my parlor is littered with many old treasures and traps, and unburned by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded quite bodily all hours of the day; while you sit in yours uninvited, and I suppose with blemishes and fruits!

And I know there are four little bedfellows when I must stand watch each night; when I must stand watch each night; and flash in your dress so bright.

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## PEOPLE IN GENERAL.

Snow covers the ice-bound water ways to cross the gulf and small, short, narrow, winding, crooked, and rocky.

Then he wheel rides the steaks in when trade begins to rise.

Which soon it will, must now begin to advertise.—Boston Courier.

George W. Childs, the novelist, will reside at Farmington, Conn., the summer of 1886.

Captain James H. Eaton, who leaves to-day for Europe, is expected home in six weeks sometime in December.

General Nelson will commence his annual tour at Hamburg in October, and will appear at Berlin in November.

At least, however, the daughters of the New Yorker Folger were compelled to take Minnie Lusk in the Adirondacks.

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